London's Royal Triumph

FOR THE

CITY'S Loyal MAGISTRATE:

In an Exact Description of several

Scenes and *Pageants*, Adorned with many Magnificent Representations.

PERFORMED

On *WEDNESDAY*, OCTOBER XXIX. 1684.

At the Instalment and Inauguration of the Right Honourable

Sir *JAMES SMITH*, Knight,

LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

Illustrated with divers Delightful Objects of Gallantry and Jollity, Speeches and Songs, Single and in Parts.

Set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the Worshipful Company of

DRAPERS.

Devised and Composed by *THO. JORDAN*, Gent.

Quando magis dignos licet spectare Triumphos?

London, Printed for *John* and *Henry Playford*, 1684.

V.D.XXX

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Theater of Musick*: Or, A Choice Collection of the newest and best SONGS Sung at the Court, and Publie Theaters. The *Words* Composed by the most Ingenious *Wits* of the Age, and set to Music by the greatest Masters in that Science. With a Thorow-Bass to each *Song* for the Theorbo, or Bass-Viol. Also *Symphonies* and *Retornels* in Three Parts to several of them for the *Violins* and *Flutes*. The First Book. *London*, Printed by *J. Playford*, for *Henry Playford* and *R. C.* and Sold by *John Playford* near the *Temple* Church, and *John Carr* at the *Middle-Temple* Gate, 1685.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JAMES SMITH, *Knight*,

Lord Mayor *of the City of* LONDON.

My Lord,

THat Goodneſs hath been the guide to your Greatneſs is ſufficiently ſignificant, in all the civil circumſtances of your gradual Aſcention to the Seat of Dignity; actuated by the regular motions of Law, Loyalty, and Equity, (Three Graces which copiouſly conduce to the accompliſhments of a compleat Magiſtrate) and by general inſpection are diſcovered to be habitual in your Lordſhip. This is an Age my Lord, that will try whether you have Fortitude enough to be faithful, Courage enough to be Honeſt, and Judgment ſufficient to avoid extremities. In your Time *Sir*, there have been more ſudden turns and numerous changes than your fore-Fathers have experienced in the Three Generations of your Family that have ſucceſſively paſſed before you Members of the Company, which is a pregnant Lecture for your underſtanding, and exercitation for your judgment, wherein your wary obſervations may collect ready Rules for your Reaſon to work upon, and ſo guide you in this Years Government, that it may render you precious to all poſterity; anſwerable to the devout deſires and daily Obſecrations of

Your Great Grandfather, Grandfather and Father, All Free of the Drapers Company.

My Lord,

Your Obliged Obedient Servant

Tho. Jordan.

VIXXXXXX

TO THE

Truly Worthy, Generous, and Ancient Society

The Right Worſhipful Company of

DRAPERS.

Gentlemen,

I *Salute you with the perfected Compoſitions of your Triumphs, Performed to perpetuate the Memory and indelible Fame of your Right-Honourable Brother the* Lord Mayor *of* London; *in which I have omitted nothing that may reaſonably conduce to his Honour, or what might be thought Regular, pertinent and proper to the Magnificence and Splendor of this Days Ovation; wherein you have liberally laid out your ſelves in the expenſes of ſo chargable Accomodations; plentifully exhibiting the ſuperfluous part of your Subſtance for a Show. Tet ſince it is no difficult thing to prove that a Theater is an Epitomy of the whole World, by the ſame Rule of Reaſon we may conclude that the glittering part of this whole City is but one great Pageant conſiſting of Streamer-like Ribons, gay Gold and Silver Laces and Royal Embroidery, which although it be thought ſuperfluous in the moroſs opinion of an Auſtere* Stoic, *yet it is accounted National Glory, and Badges of Proſperity in the eyes of Perſons Heroick: For it doth in ſome meaſure, match with Coronations, Chariots of Victory, and Triumphs of Tranquility: The Authors of ſuch Inventions having always been (like your Worſhips) Good Commonwealths-Men, and Lovers of their King and Country, ſuch is the Approbation of*

Worthy Sirs,

Your ever-Honouring Servant,

Tho. Jordan.

XXXIV

In proper Habits orderly Array'd,
The Movements of the Morning are displa'y'd.

Elected Citizens i'th' Morning all
At Seven a Clock do meet at *DRAPERS-HALL,*
The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, Joyns
For the first Rank in their Gowns fac'd with Foyns.
The Second Order do, in merry moods,
March in Gowns fac'd with Budge and Livery Hoods.
In Gowns and Scarlet Hoods Thirdly appears
A youthful number of Foyns Batchellers.
Forty Budge Batchellers the Triumph Crowns,
Gravely attir'd in Scarlet Hoods and Gowns.
Gentlemen Ushers which white Staves do hold
Sixty; in Velvet Coats and Chains of Gold.
Next, Thirty more in Plush and Buff there are,
That several Colours wave; and Banners bear.
The Seargeant Trumpet Thirty six more brings,
Twenty the Duke of *YORK's*, Sixteen the *KINGS.*
The Sergeant wears Two Scarfs, whose Colours be,
One the Lord Mayors, t' other the Company.
The King's Drum-Major follow'd by Four more
Of the Kings Drums and Fifes make *LONDON* roar.
Seven Drums and Two Fifes more in Vests of Buff
March which Waste-Scarfs, and Breeches of Black Stuff.
Two City Marshals mounted and attended,
Are by the Company with Scarfs befriended.
And (next toth' Drums) do Troop it in the Reer.
But the Foot Marshal doth the next appear;
Who puts them all in Rank and File, and wears
A Shoulder Scarf as broad and rich as theirs.
Attended by six persons that dare do
What e're their Marshal may command them to.
Next, the Fence-Master Troops; and (to defend him)
Divers with drawn broad bright Swords do attend him.
Many Poor Pensioners that march i'th' Rear,
With Gowns and Caps, Standerds and Banners bear;
A numerous Troop of Persons that are poor,
In Azure Gowns and Caps, one hundred more,
With Javelins and with Targets are all Actors,
And bear the Arms of their good Benefactors.

MXXX

Being thus prepar'd.

By the Foot-Marſhals Judgment they are guided,
And into Six Diviſions are divided :
Rank'd out by Two and Two. The firſt that ſtirs
Are the poor Company of Penſioners ;
But in the front of them orderly be
Placed the Enſigns of the Company.
I'th' Rear of them four Drums and one Fife more,
Then Penſioners in Coats deſcrib'd before.
Perſons of worth who do in Martial manner,
Bear each of them a Standard or a Banner.
Four Trumpets more to them, and in their Rear
Two of the *Drapers* Enſigns march, which bear
(As by the Herald Painter is expreſt)
The Draught of their Supporters and their Creſt :
Six Gentlemen-Uſhers in order trudge,
And after them the Batchelors in Budge :
Marching in meaſur'd diſtance, and indu'd
With Order, This Diviſion doth conclude.
I'th the Rear of them ſix Trumpets do appear,
And after them two Gentlemen, that bear
Two Coats of Arms, which appertaining be
To the City, and the *Drapers* Company.
Then do march up Eight Gentlemen that wears
The Golden Chains, then the Foins Batchelors,
In amicable Meaſure, move like Friends
Fill'd with one Joy : So this Diviſion ends.
Two Gentlemen in velvet Coats array'd,
March after them with Two Banners diſplay'd ;
Then ſucceed them Ten Gentlemen Uſhers more,
In Coats and Chains of Gold deſcrib'd before ;
And gradually after them you'l ſee
A very worthy large Society ;
With each of them a Gown and Livery Hood,
And all LORD MAYORS in the *Potential Mood.*
I'th Rear of theſe (with ſilver ſounds to fit ye)
Do fall in divers Trumpets of the City ;
And after them Two Gentlemen accord
To bear the Arms o'th' City and my Lord :
And then the Gentlemen with equal diſtance
That uſher in the grave Court of Aſſiſtants.

I'th'

I'th' Rear of them, four Drums, ſix Trumpets, be
Order'd to bring up the Cataſtrophe.
Three Gallants gradually follow them,
Bearing the Banners of the Diadem.
Kings, Queens, and Cities Enſigns, which engages
Six Gentlemen to wait on them as Pages;
The Maſters and the Wardens bring up all.
And thus equip'd they march from *Drapers-Hall*
To my Lords Houſe, which I preſume will be
Where the laſt Lord Mayor kept his Mayoralty,
At *Grocers-Hall*, where the Aldermen and He
Take Horſe and Rank according to degree:
Which being done, the whole Body in State
Doth move towards *Guild-Hall*, but at the Gate [*Begin their Motion.*
The New Lord with the Old Lord Mayor unites,
Guarded by Gentlemen, Eſquires, and Knights.
Then thus attir'd, with Gown, Fur, Hood and Scarf,
March all through *Kings ſtreet* down to *Three Crane-Wharf*,
Where the Lord Mayor and th' Aldermen diſcharge
A few Gentlemen Waiters, and take Barge
At the Weſt end o'th' Wharf; and at the Eaſt
The Court Aſſiſtants, Livery, and the beſt
Gentlemen Uſhers: Such as ſtay on ſhore
Are Uſhers, Foins, and the Budge Batchelor:
Who for a time repoſe themſelves and Men,
Untill his Lordſhip ſhall return again:
Who now with ſeveral Companies make haſt
To *Weſtminſter*, but in the way is plac't
A Pleaſure-Boat that hath great Guns aboard,
And with Two Broad-ſides doth ſalute my Lord.
They Row in Triumph all along by th' *Strand*,
But when my Lord and Companies do Land
At the New *Palace-Stairs*, orderly all
Do make a Lane to Paſs him to the Hall;
Where having taken an Oath that he will be
Loyal and Faithfull to His MAJESTY,
His Government, His Crown and Dignity,
With other Ceremonials ſaid and done,
In Order to his Confirmation;
Sealing of Writs in Courts, and ſuch like things,
As ſhew his power abſtracted from the King's,
He takes his leave o'th' Lords and Barons, then
With his Retinue he returns agen

To the Water-ſide, and (having given at large,
To th' Poor of *Weſtminſter*) doth Re-imbarge,
And ſcud along the *River* till he comes
To *Black Fryers-Stairs*, where *Guns* and Thundring *Drums*
Proclaim his Landing, when he's ſet on ſhore,
He is ſaluted by three *Vollies* more

By (the Military Gloty of this Nation,) the Company of *Artillery-men*, under the conduct of their Loyal Preſident Sir *WILLIAM PRITCHARD*, they being all in their Martial Ornaments of Gallantry, ſome in *Buff* with Head-pieces, many of them *Maſſie Silver*.

From *Black-Fryers-Stairs*, they March before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, through *Cheapſide* to *Guild-Hall*. Thoſe that went not to *Weſtminſter*, *viz.* the *Penſioners*, and *Banners* being ſet in order ready to March, the *Foot-Marſhal* in the Rear of the *Artillery-Company*, leads the way by the Channel up *Ludgate-hill*, through *Ludgate* into *S. Pauls Church yard*, and ſo into *Cheapſide*, where his Lordſhip is entertained by the firſt *Scene* or *Pageant*, called the *Chariot of Induſtry*, deſcribed in this Metrical Mode.

The Firſt Pageant deſcrib'd in Verſe.

THe grand Deſign by good Invention wrought
Is a bright Rich, Triumphant *Chariot*;
As full of Fancy, Luſter and Delight,
As HIS who was th' unfortunate Favourite:
To bright *Hyperion* Son of the Sun,
The Royal, Riſing, Wretched *Phaeton*;
Who in his Fathers Chariot did Aſſay
To guide the Sun till he had loſt the Day.
Like ſome who did both Sword and *Chariot* draw
Againſt good Nature, Piety and Law;
To pull down and ſet up *Et Cetera*.
But in our *Chariot* are no ſuch Sparks
As burn the Skies to feed on Roaſted Larks:
For in this Ark is *Innocence*, Chaſt Women
And Virgins, that preſent the Loyal *Free-men*
Of our Twelve Companies, and therefore we
Call it the *Chariot of Induſtry*.
Metropolis the Speaker, doth preſent
This City in its Health, Wealth, Government.
Theſe Royal *Lions* Pellited are twain,
Who tho' they have been ſhot at, are not ſlain:

But

But in full Strength and Vigour, Power and Health,
Can guide this Model of a Common-wealth;
And will be Proſperous in ſpight of Woe,
For tho' they are Pelleted, they are Golden too.
If they had not been Gold from Heel to Head,
It is preſum'd they'd ne're been Pelleted.
And thus I have with brevity expreſt
This Scene: The Speaker will deſcribe the reſt.

The Chariot of INDUSTRY

IS Accommodated with twelve Virgins, Repreſenting the twelve firſt Companies, with ſignificant Names, Habits, Shields. *Metropolis* the Speaker, is a Majeſtick Maſculine Woman, ſitting on a Seat of Maioralty, like that of the *Huſtings* in *Guild-Hall*, thus Habited: A black curl'd Peruke, and on it a Silver Helmet, with a large Plume of Feathers, Red, White, Green, Orange, and Blew, which are her Martial Habillaments. A Velvet Gown of Scarlet and Purple in pale equally divided. A bright Chain of Gold double about her ſhoulders, a Gold Scarf about her middle, deep fringed with Silver: In one Hand ſhe bears the City Sword, in the other, a large City Banner, Charged with the Arms of the Honourable City of *London*, thus Emblazon'd, Argent, St. *George* his Croſs of *England*, in Dexter Canton, a Dagger Gules, Supported by two Dragons Argent, with Croſſes on the Wings, as the Coat. The Motto, *Domine dirige Nos.*

1. The Firſt Company of the Supream Twelve, is the Right Worſhipful Corporation of *Mercers*, Repreſented by a Beautiful young Princely Virgin, called

Mercatura, with bright diſhevel'd Hair, on which is a Coronet of Gold, wearing a Silver Robe, a Mantle of Pink colour'd Sarcenet: In one Hand ſhe bears a Shield Gules, a demi-Virgin, her Hair tied with many-coloured ſmall Ribbon crown'd, iſſuing out and within an Orl of Clouds, all proper. In the other, the Kings Banner.

2. *Aromatoria.* A Lady Repreſenting the Worſhipful Company of *Grocers*; brown Hair'd, on it a Silver Coronet ſprinkled with Cloves: A white Sattin Robe, a black Sarcenet Mantle fringed with Silver. In one Hand a Buckler Argent, charged with a Cheveron Gules, between nine Cloves Sable, Creſted with a Camel, OR, Supported by two Griffons of the laſt. The Motto, *God grant Grace.*

3. *Pannaria.* A comely Female, prefigurating the Right Worſhipful Company of *Drapers*: In a Purple Robe, a Scarlet Mantle, a Wreath of Bays tipp'd with Gold; holding in one Hand an Eſcutcheon Azure, Three Clouds Irradiated proper, Three Sun-beams iſſuing out of them, with Three

Triple

Triple Crowns, OR: The Creſt a Ram, OR. The Supporters two Lions of the laſt, Pellited. The Motto, *To God onely be Honour and Glory.* Their Patroneſs, the Bleſſed Virgin. In the other, a Drapers Banner.

4. *Piſcaria*, A Damſel in Sea-green and Silver, Perſonating the Worſhipful Company of Fiſhmongers. In one Hand bearing a Shield, Azure, Three Dolphins Naiant, in pale betweeu two Lucies Saltier-wiſe, proper Crown'd, OR, on a Chief Gules, Three couples of Keys Croſs'd as the Crowns. The Creſt a Crown Imperial, elevated betwixt two Arms, Supported by a Mare-man and a Mare-maid, he holding a Sword, and ſhe a Mirrour. The Motto, *All Glory be to God onely.*

5. *Aurifera*, Repreſenting the Worſhipful Company of *Golaſmiths*, in a Go'd Robe, a Silver Mantle, long bright curled Hair, a Crown Imperial. In one Hand a Target charg'd with their Arms, Quarterly Gules and Azure. In the firſt and fourth, a Lions Head erazed OR. In the ſecond and third, a Cup covered between two Buckles of the laſt. Their Creſt Juſtice. In her right Hand a Balance, in her left a Touch-ſtone, Supported by two Unicorns Argent. The Motto, as the Fiſhmongers. Their Patron St. *Dunſtan*. In the other hand, a Banner of the Goldſmiths.

6. *Pelicula*, who Perſonateth the Right Worſhipful Company of Skinners, in a Robe of Ermine, a Mantle of Gold, fair Hair, an Imperial Crown, bearing a Target Ermine, on a Chief Gules, Three Crowns, OR, with Caps thereunto of the firſt. The Creſt a Leopard, with a Lawrel about his Neck, Supported by the like Leopard and a Fox. The Motto, *To God only be all Glory.* Their Patron, *Corpus Chriſti.* In her other Hand ſhe beareth a Banner of the ſame Company.

7. *Veſtiaria*, Repreſenteth the Right Worſhipful Company of *Merchant-Taylors*, in a Robe of Scarlet, a Purple Mantle, bright brown Hair, Sea-green Coronet, on whoſe top is a Ship under Sail. On a Target ſhe beareth the Arms of the ſaid Company, thus, Argent, a Tent Royal between two Parliament Robes Gules, Lined Ermin, on a Chief Azure, a Lion Paſſant Guardant, Or. The Creſt, the Holy Lamb in a Glory, Supported by two Camels. The Motto, *Concordia Parvæ Res Creſcunt.* Their Patron St. *John Baptiſt.* In the other Hand, a Banner of the Company.

8. *Minutaria*, Prefigurating the Worſhipful Company of *Haberdaſhers*, in a Robe of Sky colour and Gold, a Mantle of divers colours, brown Hair, the Locks full tyed with fundry ſorts of ſmall Ribbon of various colours, a gaudy Chaplet of divers delightful Flowers: Bearing a Shield on, which is Barrey of Six Nebu'ee Argent and Azure, on a Bend a Lion of *England*. The Creſt two Arms advancing a Catherine wheel, Supported by two Goats. Their Motto, *Serve and Obey.* Their Patroneſs St. *Catherine*. The other Hand waveth a Banner of the Haberdaſhers.

9. *Salina*, Repreſenteth the Worſhipful Company of *Salters*, in a Sky-colour'd Robe, a Carnation Mantle, both fringed with Gold, bright Hair,

a

a Chaplet of white and yellow Roſes, bearing in one Hand a Buckler, on which is *Parte per Cheveron, Argent and Gules*, Three covered Salts, Or, ſprinkling Argent. The Creſt an Arm liſting up a Salt, Or, with Salt iſſuing Argent, Supported by two Lions Sable, Pellited Argent, with two Coronets Chain'd, reflexing over their backs, Or, The Motto, *Sal ſapit omnia* In his other Hand, a Banner of the Salters.

10. *Ferraria.* Intimateth the Worſhipful Company of *Iron-Mongers*, bearing in one hand a Shield Argent; on a Cheveren Gules between Three Gads or pieces of Steel Azure, as many pair of Shackles or Manacles OR, This Virgin is inveſted with a Robe of Red Satten, a Gold Mantle tyed with a broad Mazerine Blew Ribon. A Banner of the ſame Company.

11. *Vinitoria.* Repreſenteth the Worſhipful Company of *Vintonners*, in a Robe of White Silk, embroidred with Vines, Grapes, and Leaves, her hair dark brown, on which is a wreath of Grapes interwyerd with Leaves, as in the height of the Vintage; bearing on an Eſcutcheon the *Vintonners* Coat-Armorour Sable, a Cheveron between Three Tuns Argent, in her other hand a Banner of the City.

12. *Lanaria.* A Noble Lady that perſonateth the Worſhipful Company of *Cloath Workers*, Arraied in a Robe of Black and Gold, A Silver Mantle, bright Hair, on it a Coronet of Golden Teazels, in one hand bearing a Target, containing their Arms thus blazoned, Sable, a Cheverine Ermine between Two Fabicks in chief, and a Teazle in Baſs, The Creſt a Ram, OR Supported by Two Pellited Gryphons of the ſame; The Motto, *My Truſt is in God alone.* In the other hand a Banner of the Company.

This *Chariot of Induſtry* is drawn by Two *Lyons*, OR pellited Sable, back'd by two choice Figures, the Emblems of *Dominion* and *Triumph.* On a Copious Stage (According to the Rites of Honour and priviledg of Antiquity) is erected the Royal Supporters of the Loyal *Drapers*, on the firſt Lyon rideth a Native Noble, young Oriental *Indian Negro*, Royally Array'd in a Scarlet Colour'd Silk Robe, intermix'd with Gold. A Purple Mantle interweaved with Silver and Gold, a Scymiter with a Golden Hilt and Chape by his ſide. A Golden Coronet richly Enjewell'd, Adorn'd with divers curiouſly colour'd and curl'd Oſtritch Feathers on his Head. A Purple and Gold Bridle in his Right Hand. And in his Left, the King of *England's* Banner deſigned for Dominion.

On the other Lyon is Mounted a *Weſt-Indian Catick* or Lord, Inrobed in a Veſt of divers Colour'd Silk, interchequer'd with Gold and Silver, upon it a Gold and Silver Mantel; with Two Orient Jewels in his Ears. On his Head a Silver Crown with a Golden Sun in Front. A Bridle of Gold and Watchet Silk Ribon. In one Hand my Lord's Banner, in the other perſonating *Triumph.*

Metropolis with Majeſtic Motion, Grandeur and Gravity Addreſſeth to his Lordſhip in theſe following expreſſions.

The SPEECH.

THeſe Twelve fair Virgin Ladies with bright eyes,
Do Repreſent LONDONS *Twelve Companies:*
I am their Nurſing Mother, my Name is
(And I am juſtly call'd) METROPOLIS:
As very eminently may appear
If you behold the Shields and Arms they bear.
The Supream City: And my vaſt Command
Exceeds all other Cities in the Land;
For let me tell ye, without oſtentation,
I'm a great City *and a little* Nation.
All England *hath a reliſh of my Bounties,*
I am th' Epitomy of all her Counties,
And all the World beſide; For every Nation
Doth mix with me in Trade and Converſation:
But what doth to me greateſt Honour bring,
I am the Royal Chamber *of the* King.
And theſe Twelve Companies within my Gates
Do yearly furniſh me with Magiſtrates.
Twelve Companies of all the reſt are chief,
And of the number Twelve, take this in brief,
Twelve Hours twice told diſtinguiſh Night and Day,
Twelve Cæſars *of the* Julian *Line did ſway,*
Rome's *Empire, and in every caſe of ſtrife*
Were Actions Try'd, or if concerning Life
Twelve make the Jury *full. The* Zodiack *Lines*
Are likewiſe fill'd by Twelve Celeſtial Signs:
Twelve Meeting-Houſes (if the Art do'nt err)
Are Tennanted by the Aſtrologer.
And the laſt Twelve concerns your Preſent State,
Twelve Months you are to be our Magiſtrate:
And may you proſper, and may no hurt come nee,
For if you ſuffer wrong, Wo be to me.
But I'm encouraged (and well I may)
Since the moſt Wiſe and Loyaliſt Men ſay,
That you'r well qualified for ſuch a Sway.
That Virtues are in you ſo juſtly fixt
As can in one good Magiſtrate *be mixt.*
(A Copious expreſſion) yet you ſhall
Not (with More Virtues) give content to all.

You'l

You'l never pleaſe the unconcocted, crude
Conceptions of the motley multitude;
That can in one, and in few hours cry
Both Hallelujah *and Crucify.*
The Lambs will like you, tho' the Wolves would tear ye,
So good Men love, let Malefactors fear ye.
When your Lambs loving Bleat will do no more,
You know your Refuge, let your Lyons Roar:
Therefore be juſt, do Right to every one
That are your Suppliants, but humour none:
You are the King's Vice-gerent, *like Him do,*
He Rules by th' Laws o'th' Land: And ſo muſt you.

The Speech being concluded, his Lordſhip giving no ſignals of his diſlike, we had cauſe enough to preſume that he was well enough pleaſed, for very ceremonially he made his *Exit*, and was not long engaged amongſt the Bryers, Brambles, and Thickets of the Multitude, but at laſt in the concluſion, in the medium of this Confuſion, where every thing is in diſorder, he eſpies a piece of excellent Order.

The Second Pageant called the Fabrick *of* FATE.

A Delightful Structure of curious Dimenſions, according to the compoſite order of Architecture, out of which the choiceſt parts are Collected and conjoyned in this famous Fabrick, for Elevation, Decoration, and Magnitude; Artfully Painted and Richly Gilded: On which are orderly ſeated divers Living Figures, diſtinctly diſpoſed into ſeveral Vicinities, perſonally Repreſenting the Heads of all Worldly Happineſs; *viz.* 1. *Good Fortune.* 2. *Long Life.* 3. *Strength.* 4. *Riches.* 5. *Beauty.* 6. *Honour.* 7. *Liberty.* 8. *Pleaſure.* 9. *Fancy.* 10. *Agility.* In theſe proper Habits.

1. *Fortune.* In a long bright Curl'd lovely brown Hair. On it an Imperial Diadem: In a Robe of Purple interweaved with Gold, Imbroidered with variety of precious Jewels. A Carnation and Silver Mantle, deeply fringed. In her Left hand a Shield Vert, charged with Crowns, Scepters, Globes, Myters, and Croſiers. O R, in her Right Hand a Wheel: In her Left Hand a Banner of the Kings.

2. *Long-Life.* With Black Hair, on it a Garland of Oaken-Leaves tipt with Gold. A Robe of Ivy-colour'd Satten Laced and Fringed with Gold. A Mantle of Silver and Orange Colour'd-Silk. In one Hand a Shield Argent, bearing an Elephant. In the other a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

3. *Strength.* In Brown Hair. A Silver Helmet, on which is ſtuck a Tall Flouriſhing Plume of Red and White Feathers, conſiſting of a Sprig and divers Falls. A Veſt of Silver. About her Neck a Corſlet of Gold. Holding in one Hand a Shield O R: Charged with the Figure of *Hercules Furens.* In the other Hand a Banner of the City.

4. *Riches.* In a long Black Curl'd Hair, on it a Coronet of Gold Richly Enjewell'd. A Cloth of Gold Robe. A Silver Mantle. And on his Shoulders a pair of large ſpread Silver Wings, tip'd with Purple, Scarlet, Blew, Orange, Green, and Gold. On a Shield Vert, the River *Tagus Wavey* O R, held in one Hand: In th' other the Companies Banner.

5. *Beauty.* With fair Hair, Black Eyes, and on her Head an Imperial Crown of Gold. On the top of it a Silver *Cupid*, winged and Armed O R. A Sea-green Robe. A Silver Mantle. And holding in one Hand a Shield Azure Charged with Flames. In th' other a Banner of the Kings.

6. *Honour.* In Black Hair. On it a Ducal Crown. A Purple Robe pouder'd with Stars of Gold. A Scarlet Colour'd Mantle Fring'd with Gold. In one Hand a Shield purpure charged with a Throne, O R. In the other hand a Banner of my Lords.

7. *Liberty.* In flaxen Hair: On it a Silver Robe. A Sky-colour and Gold Mantle, Fringed with Gold and Silver. In one Hand she beareth a Target Azure, charged with a Golden Cage half open, and Birds flying out. In the other the City Banner.

8. *Pleasure.* In brown Curl'd Hair. On it, a Chaplet of several Colour'd Roses. In a Robe of Carnation and Gold. A Sea-water Silk and Silver Mantle. In one Hand she beareth an Escutcheon Gules, charged with two Dancing Mimmicks. A Banner of the *Drapers.*

9. *Fancy.* In Yellow Hair. A Flowry Chaplet. A Robe of various Colour'd Silk: Striped with Gold and Silver. A Blossom Colour'd Silk and Silver and Gold Mantle, in a Shield O R. She beareth a Cheveron Argent, between Three Parakeeto's proper. A Banner of the Kings.

10. *Agility.* In long Curl'd Black Hair. A Coronet of divers Colour'd Feathers, a Robe of Peach-Blossom Silk and Silver. A Mantle of Sky-Colour'd Silk and Gold. A Target Azure, Charged with the Picture of a *Mercury* Volant, Argent, in one Hand: And in the other is display'd the Cities Banner.

These Ladies are in contention with Fortune, which of their Qualities doth most merit Prehemigence: And are particularly Answer'd in Repartee, by the Goddess *Fortune* Vocally, *In stile Recitativo.*

SONG.

Fortune. I am the great Goddess
That Governs the Bodies
Of Mortals by Sea and by Land;
What Men cannot hit
By Strength Wealth and Wit,
I do but with turning my Hand.

Chorus. *Then cease your contention, and silence your Brawl,*
To quarrel for nothing, 'tis Fortune doth all.

2.

Long-Life. *Long-Life, Long-Life, Long-Life is a thing*
That pleases the Peasant and comforts the King:
In lusty *Long-Life* there be many expedients,
Long-Life is the promised reward of Obedients.

Fortune. But when with Diseases and Crosses attended,
They dayly do wish that their *Long-Life* was ended.

3.

Strength. *Strength* when 'tis well managed with Valour and Vigor,
Subdues mighty Princes, and Rules them with Rigor;
'Tis bold and Imperious; it stoutly indures,
Makes Courtiers of Coblers, and Barons of Brewers:
Turns Kingdoms to States. [*Fort.*] But when *Fortune* prohibits,
Then down go the States-Men, and up go the Jibbets.

4.

Riches. 'Tis rare to be *Rich*, for in *Riches* Men find
All things that are pleasant for Body or Mind:
It comprehends all things, 'tis Treasure that Paints
Rebellion, and gave a *Long-Life* to such Saints.

Fortune. But when they were drawn on a Sledge or a Cart,
Wealth could not prevail. Saints and Angels must part.

Chorus. *Then cease your contention, and silence your Brawl,*
For Riches hath Wings, and will fly from ye all.

Beauty.

4.

Beauty. There is no such Treasure as bright *Beauty* brings,
'Tis pleasant to all, and it Captivates Kings:
To Females Fair Faces Men do all their Duty.
Troy-Town is in Ashes, burn'd down by a *Beauty*.

Fortune. But after Ten Years spent in War for a Feather,
The Town and the Trifle ly buried together.

Chorus. *Then cease your contention, &c.*

5.

Honour. Men hazard *Long-Life*, Wealth, and *Beauty* for *Honour*,
The Wealthiest and Wisest do all dote upon her;
True *Honour's* derived from Royal Relation:
'Tis *Honour's* the cause of this Days Celebration.

Fortune. Your *Honour's* mistaken, for *Fortunes* Power such is,
She can make a Dairy-Wench rise to a Dutchess.

Chorus. Long-Life, *Strength, and* Beauty, *and* Honour *must fall*
To nothing, but he that hath Fortune, *hath all.*

This *Song* of contention concluding thus with Reconciliation, and the Goddess having got the Day by general Vote: In a well-pleased humour, with due Addresses making application to his Lordship, continueth the Characters of her own Grandeur and Primacy, with prostrate Submission of all her Powers and Privileges to be disposed of at the good will and pleasure of my Lord and Lady, for their Assistance in the Progress of their Years Government; exhibited in these congratulatory expressions.

The Second SPEECH.

THo' I am deck'd in a Mysterious Dress,
My proper Name my Nature will express;
All men that know me, call me Good Success:
I am the Worldlings highest happiness.
The Shepherd's Shelter, and the Seaman's Guard,
Above his Skill, his Compass, or his Card;
The Merchants Deity: The States-Mans Pride:
The Souldiers Victory: the Drapers Guide.
In all its turns of Trade, without me none
Bring any thing to right Perfection.
Therefore I come to greet Londons Lord Mayor,
And with my Benediction, Charm his Chayr;
His Sword and Ballance: That no Plotting Zealot
May wrong the Magistrate, the Prince or Prelate:
And that his Twelve Months Regiment may be
Blest in the Progress and Catastrophe.
In order thereunto his Company
The Gratulating Drapers *have set free*
Their fruitful Love and Liberalitie,
For this Days Triumph as an Omen good,
And well begun by his own Brotherhood.

These Goddesses which sit on either hand,
Are the chief Blessings of a Prosperous Land:
Good Fortune, Long-Life, Strength, Wealth, Beauty, Honour,
I have brought your Lady Sir, to wait upon her:
Liberty, Fancy, Pleasure, *and* Agility,
Are likewise here, to perfect your Tranquility:
Riches *hath brought her* Golden-Fleece, *that she*
May shed some Locks unto your Mayoralty:
And now my Lord, I wish and Pray, those Fates
That Guard good Men, and guide just Magistrates,
May be your Pilots, and so steer your Course,
That Quick-Sands of deceipt, or Storms by Force
May never hurt ye; But may prosperous Gales
Of good Success, at all times fill your Sails;
That you in safety may run without rent
Through Seas, by Rocks, o're Shelves of Government,
In this Years Voyage, you are in judgment able,
The City in this sence is Navigable,
The Anchor of Good-Hope hangs at your Cable.

This Speech being ended, the Speaker of it commended. And his Lordship (well attended) makes way through the People, till he comes to *Bow-Steeple*, where being conducted, he is kindly obstructed, not by Lions and Leopards, but by Hee and Shee Shepherds; Who in Pastoral Order, to the Mayor and Recorder, do sweeten their Throats with Musical Notes, where in Madrigal manner, with Scrip, Hook, and Banner, with Bag-pipe and Fiddle, and a Ram in the middle, with Courage undaunted, they chearfully chant it. For on this Stage, which contains

The Third Pageant,

IS a Rustick Building, called a Grove, or Grotto, in which there sit four couple of Princely Shepherds and Shepherdesses, whose Names and Habits do properly and distinctly appear in this following Description.

1. *Mucedorus*, A Shepherd, in an Ash colour Silk and Silver Robe, a dark green and Gold Mantle, black Hair crown'd with a Chaplet of Water-Lillies, a Golden Scrip and Bottle, a Silver Sheep-hook in one Hand, and His Majesties Banner in the other.

2. *Pastors*, In long curl'd flaxen Hair, on it a Garland of white and red Roses, a Robe of grass-green and Gold, a Mantle of white Silk and Silver, a Sheep-hook of Gold, with a Banner of the Company.

3. *Mirtillo*, With brown Hair, on it a Chaplet of Meadow-flowers, a grey Silk Robe laced with Gold, a Willow-green Mantle fringed with Silver, a Silver Hook, and a green Turkey Leather Scrip, with Flowers, Knots, and Borders gilded, bearing a Banner of the Cities.

4. *Jesemias*, In yellow Hair, on it a Coronet of Violets, double Daisies, and Daffadils, a Robe of Poppinjay-green, fringed with Silver, a yellow Silk Mantle fringed with Gold, a Golden Sheep-hook, a blew Silk and Silver Scrip, with a Banner of my Lord Mayor's.

5. *Sylvio*, In black Hair, a Shepherds Hat turn'd up, with green and gold facing, a Robe of *French*-green Silk, and silver fringed with grey and gold: A Silver Sheep-hook, a Scrip of red Velvet flourish'd with Artful Leaves and Flowers in Gold, a Banner of the Kings.

6. *Dorinda*,

6. *Dorinda*, In bright-brown Hair, on which is a fine Straw Hat, turn'd up with Brimſtone-green Silk and Silver, with a double knot of Purple and Gold Ribbon, a Sea-green ſilk and ſilver Mantle: A Golden Sheep-hook in one Hand, in the other, a Banner of the Company, bearing the Lamb.

7. *Tyterv*, In a black Hair, a Hat turn'd up with Purple Silk and Gold, a double knot of Scarlet colour and Silver Ribbon, a Robe of Silk of the colour of Birch-tree-bark and Silver, a Mantle of Primroſe-colour and Gold. A Silver Scrip, a Golden Hook, bearing a Banner of the City.

8. *Coriſca*, In long curl'd, bright-brown Hair, and on it a Shepherds Hat turn'd up with graſs-green Silk and Silver Facing, tyed with a double knot of Scarlet and Gold Ribbon, a Parrot-green and Gold Robe, an Orange-colour and Silver Scarf, a Silver Hook, and Banner of my Lords.

The Lamb is back'd by a young beautiful flaxen-hair'd Boy, wearing a Chaplet of Olive-branches, mixed with ſeveral delightful colour'd Flowers on his Head, a Sky-colour'd Silver Robe, a bloſſom-colour and Gold Mantle: On his ſhoulders are Wings of various colour'd Feathers, tipt with Silver and Gold. In his Left hand is a Carnation Silk and Silver Bridle, and in his Right hand the ſilver Trumpet Fame, with the Kings Banner, which upon the March he often ſoundeth.

The firſt ſilence that is broken, is by *Mirtillo*, a Shepherd, a Paſſionate *Inamorato*, in anſwer to his Friend, who had been labouring with Arguments to diſuade him from Love, telling him, that he miſpent his Time in that unprofitable Paſſion.

A SONG.

1.
TELL me not I my time miſpend,
'Tis time loſt to reprove me:
Purſue thou thine, I have my end,
So *Cloris* onely love me.

2.
Tell me not others Flocks are full,
Mine poor let them deſpiſe me,
Who more abound in Milk and Wool,
So *Cloris* onely prize me.

3.
Tyre other eaſier Ears with theſe
Unappertaining Stories,
He never feels the Worlds Diſeaſe,
That cares not for his Glories.

4.
For pity, thou that wiſer art,
Whoſe thoughts lye wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own Heart,
And I'le ne'r envy thine.

5.
Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That ſeek no higher Prize,
Than in unenvyed ſhades to ſit
And ſing of *Cloris* Eyes.

Paſtor Fido, *the Speaker, the great Shepherd, deſcrib'd*

In a Purple Robe laced with Gold, a Helmet-like Cap of Gold, turn'd up, and faced with Ermine: In a broad blew and Silver Ribbon, hung about his Neck, is the Order of the Golden Fleece. A Golden Scarf croſs his Shoulder, a Silver and Gold Scrip, a Golden Sheep-hook in his Right Hand, and in his Left Hand a large Target, Chargeed with the Virgin in a Glory, the Drapers Patroness. Who riſing up out of his Seat, Saluteth my Lord with

The Third Speech.

WHen I conſider what it is to act
A faithful Shepherd's part, and be exact
In every Circumſtance of that vaſt Charge,
If contemplat the Function at large,

And

And find that it doth rightly Repreſent
In Model, every kind of Government.
All Fathers, Maſters, (tho' of little Stocks)
Are Shepherds, and their Families are Flocks.
From violence they ſafely are immur'd,
They'r led and fed, folded, preſerv'd, and cur'd.
All Pious Prieſts are Shepherds (tho' the Fox
And Wolves have been too buſie with their Flocks.)
Gen'rals are Shepherds, tho' their Flocks do ſeem
Like Lions to they'r Foes, their Sheep to them.
Princes, tho' Crown'd, and Rob'd in rich array,
Are Shepherds too of Flocks that go aſtray,
And Paſture-proud, will hardly be content
With their own, or any other Government
For long continuance. If all this be true,
May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, you'r a Shepherd too
Of numerous Flocks, and have a large Command
Of Droves, from every County in the Land.
With Vigilance and Prudence, and the Laws,
Secure your Flock from the voracious Maws
Of Wolves and little Foxes Teeth and Paws.
But I am too bold, and deviate from the cauſe
That brought me hither. I am come to be
An Actor in your great Solemnity,
For I do honour London's *Drapery.*
With me are come Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes,
Who for this day, have put on their beſt Dreſſes.
To wiſh much Joy, and pray that happy Fate
May Proſper London's *new-made Magiſtrate.*
That all may be United to Gods Glory,
And leave thoſe non-ſenſe terms of Whigg and Tory.
May our Contentions turn into Content,
And terminate in this Years Government,
Leſt as the Argonauts *that went from* Greece,
Such come to us, and take our Golden Fleece.

No ſooner was the Speech ended, but *Mucedorus* and *Paſtora*, the Amorous Shepherd and Shepherdeſs, Tune up their Voices, and breath out their Paſſions in this Paſtoral Dialogue,

The

The SONNET.

1.

Mu. Did you not once *Paſtora* Vow
You would Love none but me?
Pa. I, but my Mother tells me now
I muſt Love Wealth, not thee.

2. & 3.

Mu. 'Tis not my fault my Sheep are Lean,
Or that they are ſo few;
Pa. Nor mine I cannot Love ſo mean
So poor a thing as you.
3. For Shepherd think how Rich my Dower
Is in reſpect of thine;
Mu. Cruel! thy Love is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.

4.

Pa. Ay me! Ay me! [*Mu.*] Mock'ſt thou my grief?
Pa. I pity thy hard Fate;
Mu. Pity for Love is poor relief,
I'd rather chooſe thy hate.

5.

Pa. I can no longer bear thy woes,
But ſhall henceforth endeavour
To bring thee comfort in the cloſe,
And be thy own for ever.

Chorus (6.) *in Two Voices.*

Bare Witneſs then you powers above
Of theſe our Wedlock Bands,
Let it appear that trueſt Love
Lies not in Wealth or Lands.

At the concluſion of the Speech, my Lord departeth well pleaſed; and with his Reverend Retinue proceedeth in his Progreſs towards *Guild-Hall*, but is once more intercepted by a

Fourth PAGEANT.

CAlled the *Downs of Delight*, where are divers poor Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes Singing, Dancing, Piping, Vaulting, Tumbling, with all the Accompliſhments of a Paſtoral Scene of Drolls; and the old Spyder, (I mean Spynner) at her woollen Wheel; whilſt the Carders claw it away: And every perſon in the Scene ſtrives with one another, who ſhall be moſt eminent in the curioſity of confuſion, and dignity of diſorder. The obſervation of which ſent my Lord away in a fit of Laughter, which laſted till he came to *Grocers-Hall*.

The

The Foot Marshal having placed the Assistants, Livery, and the Companies on both sides of *King-street*, and the Pensioners with their Targets hung at the tops of their Javelins: In the Rear of them: The Ensign-Bearers, Drums and Fifes in the Front, hastens the *Foyns* and *Budge-Batchelors*, together with the Gentlemen Ushers to *Grocers-Hall*, where his Lordship is again saluted by the *Artillery-Men* with Three Vollies more, which concludes their Duty. His Land Attendants pass through the Gallery or Lane, so made, into *Grocers-Hall*: After which the Company repairs to Dinner in the Hall; and the several Silkworks and Triumphs are likewise conveyed into *Blackwell-Hall*, and the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the Pagents, there refresh themselves untill his Lordship hath Dined at *Grocers-Hall*.

But I must attend my Lord at Dinner in the Hall, and give an account of the delightful Diligence, with the jocal Accomplishments and performances of the harmonical Celebration.

His Honour and his numerous Guests being orderly placed: The Ingenious Musicians begin to Tune their Instruments, with Artful and active Fingers; and after a consort Lesson or two being play'd, and their Ears as well feasted with double Relishes as their Palats: A person of an excellent Voice Sings the following Song. *To the Time of State and Ambition.*

A Welcome-home to the KING *and* DUKE, *upon Their Return from* Newmarket, *October* 23, 1684. *and passing through the City.*

BElls Ring, and Bonfires Blaze, high Huzza's Sounded,
The Trimmers in a maze, and Whigs Confounded;
Some Sing, and Drink and Rant, tell me the reason on't,
That they with such a flaunt in Healths are drounded.
Shew me the meaning from one to the other,
That I may have reason and cause to comply;
Our Gracious King CHARLES and His Royal brave Brother,
Came through the City in great Majesty.

The Preaching and Praying, and Pistoling Zealots,
Their Plots are discover'd tho' carried so close;
'Tis God that Protects both the Prince and the Prelat;
Si deus Nobiscum, quis contra nos.
Guild-Hall yields no Ryots, the Rabbles are Banish'd,
The King, Duke, and City, one Government steers,
Tub-Doctors are silenc'd, and tumults are Vanish'd;
As Vapours disperse when *Apollo* appears.

Dinner being ended and Night approaching, the Guests take leave of His Lordship, and depart to their several Habitations.

FINIS.

A·1096.